

WHEN SHE COMES.

My love may come in early spring
Through orchards, April kissed,
With happy blue birds carolling
In dreamy skies of mist.
Then sing, glad oriole, and hush
The mourning of the dove;
But sing! sing, bobolink and thrush,
Of love, and love, and love!

Or she may come in summer days,
When heated meadows rest,
And down the fields a goldfinch ways
Upon the thistle's crest.
Then, blackthroat, sing! You love the sun;
Sing, quail, amid the heat;
And all your songs shall make this one,
My sweet! my sweet! my sweet!

Her path may lie through leafless trees;
Her dainty feet may stir
Soft rustling leaves: the chickadees
May all make love to her.
Then, sun, shine soft from golden skies;
Stay, happy wind, to kiss
Her cheek, and all my sweetheart's eyes
With bliss, and bliss, and bliss!

Across a track of drifting snow
If she should chance to tread,
The lingering flakes shall come and go
Around her dainty head.
The long flakes shall touch her hair,
Then, snowbirds, "round her dart;
Sing, shining snow and shining air,
Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!

I would, if she shall come in spring,
That springtime might be here;
I long for winter, if it bring
My love a day more near.
For what is spring, or what is fall?
Love only makes the skies
My love shall blend the joy of all
Sweet seasons in her eyes.

—Charles B. Young, in Ladies' Home Journal.

SAVED BY AN APE.

A Yankee's Remarkable Adventure in Central America.

Why I stopped in Panama on my return from my trip to South America is a mystery. The quaint Spanish fashion of the old city interested me, and I found it difficult to tear myself away. When I was ready to leave my brief sojourn in the country had inspired me with so much confidence that I eagerly embraced the suggestion of my land-lord to cross the isthmus on horseback. "Take it leisurely," he said; "follow the old road. It touches various points along the canal. You can make the journey in a couple of days and you will not mind spending a night in one of DeLesseps' villages."

Now the canal was a pet hobby of mine. I was anxious to see how it was progressing. Besides, I had a friend who was one of the contractors, and I wanted to pay him a visit.

The next morning I mounted a gentle mustang, furnished by my host, and set out for Aspinwall, the Atlantic port, where I intended to take the steamer. As I wished to reach the camp of my friend Jackson by midday, I rode rapidly during the morning.

At one place the road ran along in sight of the canal for half a mile. Here I saw a scene not to be matched anywhere on earth. Enormous machines were at work excavating thousands of tons of dirt, and countless wagons were employed removing the loose earth. Myriads of workmen swarmed everywhere, jabbering to each other in all the tongues of the known world. Among them were men from all the countries of the world—Americans, Africans, Chinamen, West Indians and Malays. The fierce looks cast upon me by these fellows alarmed me; but I pretended to be a calm spectator of the animated scene. One of the contractors was about, and from him I learned that I would find Jackson about five miles further on.

"Are you armed?" asked the contractor.

I told him that I had a revolver. "You will probably need it before you reach Aspinwall," said he. "You are passing through thirty thousand of the worst cut-throats that were ever collected together."

After hearing that I had a great mind to return to Panama, but the dread of being laughed at made me decide to push on. Assuming a determined, businesslike look, I put spurs to my mustang and ambled through the motley gang of laborers until I had the satisfaction of leaving them behind me. Fortunately I encountered no obstacle, and Jackson's camp was made just in time for dinner.

Here I was safe. Jackson was a big fellow, whose men were nearly all Americans. He was delighted to see me and gave me a capital dinner. During the two hours that I spent with him I filled him full of news and he, on the other hand, told me a lot of wonderful things about the canal. He made no secret of his conviction that the enterprise would drag along for years, but, as he was making bushels of money, the delay played into his hands. As I declined to stay all night with him, Jackson gave me some directions about my route, and at my departure confided to me a package containing ten thousand dollars, asking me to deposit it for him in one of the banks at Aspinwall. I suggested that there was danger in carrying such a sum of money through the country, but the stalwart fellow laughed at my fears. He said that I would make the hacienda of Don Francisco Mendez at nightfall, where I would be royally entertained. By daylight he thought I could take care of myself.

While this was going on I saw two brutal looking Mexicans at a short distance watching us intently and conferring together in low tones.

"I don't like the looks of those rascals," I said.

"Hello, there! Pedro, and you, Juan," shouted Jackson. "Get to work, you lazy beggars!"

The Mexicans growled, and sullenly retired.

"They are two of the worst men in camp," said Jackson, "but they are not likely to bother you."

I had my doubts; but the prospect of staying all night with Mendez somewhat reassured me, and I started off in very good spirits. My road took me through a scene of bewildering beauty. The tropical foliage round me glittered with all the hues of the rainbow. Unknown flowers of gorgeous magnificence and overpowering fragrance brightened the roadside.

Suddenly I came upon a pond of clear water in an open space. Hot, dusty and travel-worn, I could not resist the temptation. Without counting the consequences I fastened the mustang to a sapling and undressed in a hurry, placing my revolver under my clothes on the edge of the water. Then I plunged in and enjoyed a refreshing swim.

One thing annoyed me. All along the way I met with monkeys everywhere. They were of all sizes, and the interest they took in my movements amused me not a little. Sometimes they chattered at me indignantly and shook their fists almost in my face. At a wave of my hand, however, they fled in precipitate terror.

As soon as I entered the lake the monkeys took fresh courage. They scrambled about in droves and abused me to their hearts' content. Among them was one of a species that I had not seen before. He was a ferocious looking monster, fully five feet high and as muscular as a bear. Before I realized the situation this great long-legged fellow swooped down on my clothes, and started with them for the woods. For a moment I was absolutely paralyzed. It was no joke to ride to Aspinwall in a decent rig, but I had no fancy for the role of Lady Godiva.

There was no time to lose. The monkey had left my revolver, and as soon as I could seize it I fired. He gave a howl of rage and dropped everything but my coat. I hastily jumped into my recovered garments and gave chase. It was useless. The thief scurried up into the top of a tall cocoanut tree, and in a twinkling of an eye put on my coat, buttoning it round him, and then proceeded to hurl cocoanuts at me with such precision that I was glad to quickly leap into the saddle and ride off.

But my troubles had just begun. I had reconciled myself to the loss of my coat, as Jackson's money was in an inside pocket of my waist, but the monkey showed a disposition to follow me. After firing at him several times I gave it up. His tough hide seemed bullet proof, and there was no chance to kill him unless I shot him in the eye.

The declining sun warned me that it was time to seek shelter for the night, and I knew that in these tropical solitudes there was no twilight. I saw no cultivated fields, no houses, no signs of the hacienda of Don Francisco Mendez.

The situation was growing serious. Occasionally a stone weighing a pound or two was hurled at me from some leafy covert, and then the gigantic monkey would give a horrible laugh and scamper away. He was a funny-looking chap in my blue flannel coat, but I was too angry to enjoy the comic aspect of the matter. It struck me that if the brute caught me in the dark he would make an end of me in no time. It was both horrible and humiliating, such a death in the tangled forests of this savage land.

Just then I saw a short distance off, in a clearing, a square stone hut. Here was shelter and protection. I was not disappointed much to find it uninhabited. It was strongly built, with no windows, and one entrance, from which the door had long since rotted away. A stepladder led to the loft. Ascending, I found a small apartment dimly lighted by round holes in the wall, which had evidently been used by sharpshooters at some revolutionary period in the history of the country. My mind was made up in an instant. I went back to my mustang and picketed him about one hundred and sixty yards from the hut in the bushes. Then I returned to my fortress just as darkness closed in upon me, and sought refuge in the loft, pulling up the ladder after me. I was safe here, even from the monkeys, and I lay down feeling a sense of perfect security.

It must have been late in the night when I heard something moving in the room under me. Looking through the opening in the floor I could see nothing. I struck a match, and by the flickering flame recognized the monkey. The wretch still wore my coat, and in the dim, uncertain light his appearance was more repulsive than ever.

I lay down again knowing that the beast could not get into the loft, and commenced planning for his destruction in the morning. I was satisfied that the animal belonged to a species of mountain apes, of great strength and terrible ferocity. Their cunning, I heard, was almost human, and they did not scruple to attack men and rend them limb from limb. I concluded, when the morning light appeared, to draw the brute's attention and shoot him in one of his eyes. Having settled on this plan, I was about dropping into a doze, when I heard voices outside the hut. I listened with alert ears.

"If, as you say, Pedro, this American is inside, we should ambush him and shoot him when he comes out in the morning."

"Now, by all the saints, Juan," was the reply of Pedro, "you are a cowardly fool. The Englishman, like all his countrymen, has his eyes open, and may get the drop on us."

I recognized the voices. Pedro and Juan had followed me all the way from Jackson's camp. What to do was the question. It was hard to decide, and I waited further developments. The two robbers conversed in low whispers, and all I could hear was their final agreement to rush in and overpower me.

"Wonder what they'll do with the monkey?" I said to myself with a chuckle.

"I hear the American moving," said Pedro.

It was the monkey. The monster was walking in the circle all the time, and the dead leaves that had drifted into the hut rustled under his feet. There was another whispered consultation, and the Mexicans rushed into the room below. The outlaws saw a dark form and charged with their long, murderous knives.

I heard two dull thuds, and knew that Pedro and Juan had been dashed headlong against the walls.

"Mother of Moses!" gasped Juan.

"Knife him!"

"Idiot!" cried Pedro; "knife him yourself!"

The robbers made another rush. "Ah! ah!" yelled Pedro. "Where are you, Juan? This hog of an American has me by the throat, and I have lost my knife."

"He is a demon!" groaned Juan. "He is pounding my head against the wall!" A volley of yells followed and then a chorus of groans. Through it all I heard an ominous dull thud. At length silence prevailed, and I knew that all was over.

My last match was gone, but to my great delight it was almost morning. With the first rays of daylight I peered through the hole in the floor. It was a ghastly sight that met my gaze. The two Mexicans lay on the floor quite dead. Their heads had been smashed to jelly against the walls and their throats bore dark blue marks.

Sitting in the corner was the monkey. He was bleeding profusely and was evidently seriously hurt. At first I thought I would spare him. He saved my life and I was grateful. But when I fixed the ladder and descended the untamable beast prepared for a spring, and there was such evident malice in his eyes that I aimed at his eye and fired. One shot did the work. He rolled over dead.

It was no place for me after such an adventure, and I at once went in search of my mustang. To my great joy he was all right, and I was soon in the saddle and on my way to Aspinwall.

Depositing Jackson's money in the bank when I arrived, I immediately boarded the steamer. I knew that it would not be prudent to speak of the two Mexicans, and I had a suspicion that a statement of the part the monkey had borne in the tragedy would be regarded by the authorities as a cock-and-bull story. So I wisely kept my mouth shut until I was again among friends.

Of course, I have never wasted any regret on Pedro and Juan, but I still hold my horrible friend, the monkey, in great esteem.—N. Y. Dispatch.

THE PHOENIX.

What the Ancients Believed About the Fabulous Bird.

The ancient tradition concerning the Phoenix has introduced into almost all languages the custom of applying that name to whatever is singular or uncommon among its kind. Arabia is said to have been the home of this fabulous bird.

According to Herodotus and other ancient writers, the Phoenix was a bird of great beauty, and was about the size of an eagle.

A shining and most beautiful crest adorned the head; the feathers on the neck were a bright golden color, while those on the body were a rich purple; the tail was white intermixed with red, and the eyes sparkled like diamonds.

Only one of these birds could live at a time, but it lived five or six hundred years. When that period drew to an end, it built for itself a funeral pile of wood and aromatic spices; with her wings it fanned the pile into a blaze, and therein consumed itself.

From its ashes a worm was produced, out of which another Phoenix was formed, having all the freshness of youth. The first care of the new Phoenix was to solemnize its parent's obsequies. For that purpose it made a ball in the shape of an egg, out of myrrh, frankincense and other fragrant things. At Heliopolis, a city of lower Egypt, there was a magnificent temple, dedicated to the sun. After making the egg-shaped ball as heavy as it could possibly carry, the Phoenix then took the ball on its shoulders, and, flying to the temple at Heliopolis, burnt it on the altar of the sun.

The priests then inspected the register, and found that exactly five hundred years, or exactly six hundred years had elapsed since the same ceremony had last taken place. The Phoenix is always represented as arising from the midst of flames.—Wide Awake.

Astronomical Item.

Prof. Snore, of Columbia college, is a heavy built man of slow movements, whose personal appearance is suggestive of a bear. He is also in charge of the astronomical department. Meeting student Anjerri the professor said:

"Thomas, do you take an interest in the movements of the heavenly bodies?"

"Yes, professor, I like to look at the stars once in awhile."

"Well, if you want to observe the movements of the Great Bear come to my room to-night. I'll be in."—Texas Sittings.

THE HOMESTEAD EXAMPLE.

Protected Plutocracy Deals Death to American Labor.

Blood has been shed at the Homestead mills. Pinkerton janizaries hired by Carnegie have killed and wounded a score or more of workmen in a battle brought on by Carnegie's determination to lower the wages of his employees, peaceably if he can, forcibly if he must. His employment of these armed hirelings shows that he is ready to shoot down the wages of American labor if he can't lower them by simply posting a notice of reduction.

It is not necessary to defend the locked-out workmen in their acts of violence. They have become particeps criminis in a breach of the peace, but they are not responsible for the tragedy at the Carnegie iron works. They simply fought plutocracy with its own weapons, and until Pinkertonism is put down by law the hirelings of the plutocrats must be taught by such lessons as that at Homestead that if they appeal to Winchester they shall perish by Winchester.

The Carnegie Steel Company, limited, deliberately and probably intentionally provoked a breach of the peace by sending the armed Pinkertons to Homestead. According to their own published statement they had appealed to the sheriff of Allegheny county for protection, and he was acting upon their appeal. Beyond doubt, had the

OPINIONS AND POINTERS.

—Will the g. o. p. be able to colonize enough negroes to stand off the loss of the labor vote if Carnegie doesn't come down?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—It is all very well to say that Mr. Harrison ought not to select lobbyists and tricksters to manage his campaign, but there is only one way to elect a republican president in this country while the high-tariff wrong is to be supported.—St. Louis Republic.

—Cleveland will give us a grand democratic administration—one that every citizen, as well as democrat, can be proud of—and he will carry forward those reforms in the general government which made his first term in the presidency a notable one in the history of the country.—Niagara Falls Journal.

—Wall street is not alarmed because the republican senate has passed a "free silver" bill. It understands that it is merely a bit of buncombe to placate the republican farmers of the west and keep them from voting the people's ticket. It will not be signed by the president, but the farmers will be fooled, as usual.—N. Y. World.

—No man who favors further "protection" for the tariff-made plutocrats who are absorbing the wealth of the country has any excuse for voting the democratic ticket. No man who favors



What Protection Does for the Workingman.

sheriff found himself unable to protect them in their legal rights with the posse at his command, he would have sought such other aid as is provided for in emergencies by the laws of Pennsylvania. Without waiting for him to act in the regular and lawful way, the Carnegie Steel Company, limited, sought to steal a march on their employees by sending down a body of private mercenaries to take possession of the works at night and from behind the stockade of Fort Frick overawe their discharged workmen by a display of armed force.

In this they have been beaten after a bloody battle, in which human lives were sacrificed, for which Carnegie and his managers are clearly responsible. They will now abandon their private war and wait, as they should have done at first, for the sheriff to act. He must, and no doubt will, protect them in the possession and operation of their works, and the state military has been called out in order to accomplish it.

Ultimately, of course, Carnegie will win. He has the law on his side, and behind the law is the resistless power of the state. If the Homestead workmen do not surrender and accept his terms they must give place to strangers imported for the purpose who are willing to take what they can get. They must leave the little homes which they have built for themselves and paid for out of their scanty savings, the churches where they have worshipped and the cemeteries where lie their dead. They must take their wives and little ones and seek elsewhere the opportunity to earn bread by the sweat of their brows. They must "move on" or be shot down when they venture to assert against millionaire employers their right to share in the benefits of protection.

Perhaps it may occur to the Amalgamated Association of Steel and Iron Workers that when the Homesteaders are driven out they may be set to missionary work. If they were scattered over the country, they could impress upon their fellow-workmen everywhere a most instructive object lesson upon the workings of McKinley protection in making Carnegie forty times a millionaire while giving his workmen the choice of accepting reduced wages or becoming tramps.—St. Louis Republic.

—The republican party is on the defensive and "advancing backward" with constantly increasing celerity.—Detroit Free Press.

protection for the toiling masses from the oppression of legalized greed and extortion has any excuse for voting the republican ticket. It is equity versus extortion, right against wrong, a revenue tariff against a robber tariff.—St. Paul Globe.

—The evidence in the pension investigation is conclusive on the point that under Commissioner Raum pensions are distributed in Indiana for campaign purposes as they were under Commissioner Dudley. Does Raum stay or go? Upon President Harrison's decision of this question rests the reputation of his administration for decent government.—Albany Argus.

—This indignant army of workmen knows that their situation, with high prices of living and reduced wages, could not be made worse under democratic rule. They are now doubtless willing to take their chances on that point; but their present dealing is with the republican party. That is the party that has wantonly deluded and betrayed them. That is the party that has invited and deserved punishment.—Rochester Herald.

—Protection has made capitalists rich. It has enabled them to live in luxury far away from the grimy surroundings of their mines and mills to maintain palaces in New York, in Paris, in London and in the hills of Scotland. Mr. Carnegie goes back to the home in which he was born a peasant richer, by means of taxes from the American people, than the nobility whose hereditary castles he rents. He founds libraries and music halls and lives like a gilded prince on his bounty-fostered profits. His workmen, on the other hand, are always struggling for their rights.—N. Y. World.

—The local organs of McKinleyism will serve the interests of their party best by maintaining a profound silence as to the cause of the reduction of wages by the iron and steel trust. The cause is clear to every one who chooses to see. The trust reduces wages because it has the power to do so, and the tariff gives no help to the hapless workmen. The republican tariff is a fraud. It protects only those who, like Mr. Carnegie, need no protection, but are hungry for more money to add to the millions which the tariff has enabled them to take from the pockets of the unprotected consumer.—San Francisco Examiner.